THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LXIV.

Rare artizan, whose pencil moves,
Not our delights alone, but loves.
From thy shop of beauty we
Slaves return, that enter'd free.
The heedless lover does not know
Whose eyes they are, that wound him so:
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old wound bleed fresh again,
With dear remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hopes of grace;
Nor scorn, nor cruelty does find:
But gladly suffers a false mind
To blow the ashes of despair,
From the reviving brand of care.
Fool, that forgets her stubborn look,
This softness, from thy finger took.
Strange, that thy hand should not inspire
The beauty only, but the fire:
Not the form alone and grace,
But act and power of a face.

WALLER to VANDYCK.

WHEN I am weary of my brother Loungers abroad, or tired with tumbling over my books at home, I repair to some artist or amateur, to buy or borrow a tune, and hearken to the musical powers. When these too, from my love of variety, fail to charm, I visit the room of a Painter, to gaze at finely tinted canvas, and trace the resemblances, which Art, the magician, derives from Nature, his mistress. Historical and landscape painting have generally amused my imagination, and I have devoted many a delighted hour to a FUSELI, a WEST, and a CLAUDE. But the portrait of a friend, or the animated features of Genius have, too, an interest and a charm, and hence, by a sort of fascination, I am drawn into a rapt admiration of the eloquent pencil of STUART, an American artist, of transcendant powers, who has the rare and happy talent of delineating, on his exquisite canvas, all the emotions of the heart, and all the operations of the mind.

I have been led to the cheerful and volunteer praise of this gentleman, from an opportunity I have lately enjoyed of examining one of his most beautiful, captivating, and highly finished performances. I allude to his spirited portrait of the impassioned and ingenuous features of a Lady, whose rank is high in the Monarchy of Letters, and whose conversation powers, and attractive grace, are the delight of that society, whom she gladdens by her presence....I was proceeding to describe, in the simplicity of my prose, the peculiar merit of the artist, and this last proof of his pencil's power, when a friend interrupted me by an offer of two manuscript poems, which would supersede every thing that such a Lounger could say. I accordingly print, with alacrity, what I am sure will be perused with delight; nor can I forbear to express my pride to discover Genius decorating Art, and to see Poetry beautifying her sister.

To MR. STUART, ON HIS PORTRAIT OF MRS. M.

STUART, thy portraits speak, with skill divine;
Round the bright Graces flows the waving line.
Expression in its finest utterance lives,
And a new language to creation gives.
Each varying trait the gifted artist shews,
Wisdom majestic in his bending brows;
The warrior's open front, his eye of fire,
Or when the charms of bashful youth retire;
Or patient plodding, and with wealth content,
The man of commerce counts his cent per cent.
'Tis *character* that breathes, 'tis *soul* that twines
Round the rich canvas, trac'd in living lines,
Speaks in the face, or in the form display'd,
Warms in the tint, and mellows in the shade.
Those touching graces, and that front sublime,
Thy hand shall rescue from the spoil of Time;
Thence the fair victim scorns the threatening rage,
And stealing steps of slow advancing Age;
Still on her cheek the rose of beauty blows,
Her lip's full tint its breathing crimson shows;
Like the Magician's wand, thy pencil gives
Its potent charm, and every feature lives;
Quick as the powerful eye's transcendant ray
Steals the soft glance, and bids the heart obey,
Thy fine perceptions flow, by heaven design'd,
To reach the thought, and pierce the unfolded mind;
Through its swift course the rapid feeling trace,
And stamp the sovereign Passion on the face.
E'en me, by thy enlivening grace array'd,
Me, born to linger in Affliction's shade,
Hast thou, kind artist, with attraction drest,
With all that Nature in my soul express'd.

Go on—and may Reward thy cares attend,
The friend of Genius must remain thy friend;
Though sordid minds with impious touch presume
To blend thy laurels with the Cypress gloom,
With tears of grief its shining leaves to fade,
Its fair hope withering in the cheerless shade,
The well earn'd meed with sparing hand deny,
And on thy talents gaze with dubious eye.
Genius is Sorrow's child, to Want allied,
Consol'd by Glory, and sustain'd by Pride;
Unknown—unfelt—unshelter'd—uncaress'd—
In walks of life, where worldly passions rest.

To MRS. M———.

Who would not glory in the wreath of praise,
Which M——N offers in her polish'd lays?
I feel their cheering influence at my heart,
And more complacent I review my art;
Yet, ah, with Poesy, that gift divine,
Compar'd, how poor, how impotent is mine!
What though my pencil trace the hero's form,
Trace the soft female cheek, with beauty warm;
No farther goes my power; 'tis *thine* to spread
Glory's proud ensign o'er the hero's head;
'Tis thine to give the chief a deathless name,
And tell to ages, yet unborn, his fame—
'Tis thine to future periods to convey
Beauty enshrin'd in some immortal lay.
No faithful portrait *now* Achilles shows,
With Helen's matchless charms no canvas glows;
But still in Homer's mighty verse pourtray'd,
Ne'er can her beauty, or his glory fade.
Nor wonder, if, in tracing charms, like thine,
Thought and expression blend a rich design;
'Twas heaven itself that blended in thy face,
The lines of Reason, with the lines of Grace;
'Twas heaven that bade the swift idea rise,
Paint thy soft cheek, and sparkle in thine eyes:
Invention, *there* could, justly, claim no part,
I only boast the copyist's humbler art.
Mid varied scenes of life, howe'er deprest,
This blest reflection still shall soothe my breast:
M——n commends—and this alike outweighs
The *vulgar's censure*, or the *vulgar's praise*.
With such distinction, wrapt in proud content,
No more my adverse fortune I lament;
Enough for me, that *she* extends her meed,
Whose approbation is applause, indeed.

I feel most happy, that the casual communication of these poems, affords me an opportunity, which, I trust, I never neglect, to pay my ready tribute to the talents of those, whose Genius sparkles with no factitious lustre. I ardently hope that Mr. Stuart will never experience any of those sorrows, to which the pen of the poetess pathetically alludes. The just meed of that blest talent, which gives to canvas life, and to the eye of affection and friendship the interesting forms of those we love and honour, may he never be compelled to seek except in his natal country. May patronage attend every exercise of his pencil, and American opulence enrich an artist of America. Though, at inauspicious periods, in the history of our country, a West, a Copley, and a Trumbull, expatiated over the Atlantic, and to the liberality of England, looked for the tribute money of Genius, may we hope, for the sake of Honour, Merit, and Justice, that no chill neglect or austere adversity, will ever urge Mr. Stuart to migrate. The most transient glance upon his characteristical canvas, will verify his merit to every beholder,

Upon the happy line are laid
Such obvious light and easy shade,
That Paris' apple stands confest,
Or Ledas' egg, or Chloe's breast.

and he remembers, with an eminent poet, who has left on record his admiration of the "artful round" and "the flowing line" of an Appelles and a Protogenes,

That the distinguished part of men,
With compass, *pencil*, sword, or pen,
Should, in Life's visit, leave their name
In characters, which may proclaim,
That they, with ardour, strove to raise,
At once, their art, and country's praise;
And, in their working, took great care,
That all was full, and round, and fair.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

In the course of my inquiries, respecting Mr. HUNT, whom I have so often quoted and commended, I have had the good fortune and delight, to obtain a few productions of his maturer muse. The following ode has been published, in an elegant miscellany, *since* the appearance of his JUVENILIA. I will not anticipate the reader's pleasure in the perusal.

THE SHADE OF COLLINS, AN ODE.

Who shall awake, with magic song,
The wildly throbbing soul?
Who dart the muses light along,
And bid her thunders roll?
Or who with strain of gentlest note,
In low and liquid warblings float,
Soft stealing through the silent air,
While Pity breathes her mildest lay,
And from her eye's Aprilian ray
Slow drops a quivering tear.

Sublimity's enraptur'd child,
Say, whither art thou fled?
Gone to awake, with music wild,
The slumbers of the dead?
Or dost thou still, O tearful bard,
Lorn Melancholy's wanderings guard
In some remote and solemn grove:
With dewy garlands deck the grave
Where Freedom tells her helpless bravè,
Or dress the tomb of Love?

Rude Madness, idiot king of power,
Who from the Muse's breast
Tore him, that in her sacred bower,
She knew and lov'd the best;
Stare not in gloomy silence more,
Rage all thy storms of passion o'er,
And weave the wilderings of the soul!
Pale COLLINS dropt his sacred lyre,
He saw thy frenzied eye of fire,
Thy meteor eye balls roll.

Lorn tearful bard, whose wild wove lay
Each thrilling passion sung;
When Music now soft died away,
Now wild and warlike rung;
I see, I see thy solemn shade,
Quick starting from yon haunted glade,
With tresses tost, and eyes that weep;
High o'er the gulf screams Danger loud,
And Fear, on phantoms wrapt in cloud,
Howls dreadfully and deep.
Fell Anger, with his clenching hand,
Wide throws it on the trembling land,
Rude dashes on the lyre;
And grasps his torch of fire.
Look, look no more!—In murmuring low,
I hear the sigh of Anguish flow:
Sad Jealousy away:—'tis thine!
Thy hollow smile and filful sob,
To wildly bid my bosom throb,
I do not call thee mine.

Hark! 'tis Revenge, while thunders peal
With blast of threatening breath,
Calls on the fiends, that darkling deal
The hidden point of death.
Fierce as he winds the stormy strain,
Rise visages that writhe with pain,
And hands the purple steel that grasp;
At each dread pause wild groans Despair,
And dying Pity, on the air,
Slow heaves a ling'ring gasp.

But sounds arise, more softly sweet,
Melodiously forlorn;
They breathe through yonder green retreat,
From Melancholy's horn!
Ye glades, repeat the soothing sound,
Ye runnels, steal in warblings round:
From yonder gloom bright visions break,
See Hope her golden tresses wave,
And Joy, whose songs Erato gave,
The smiling morn awake.

Soul soothing bard, in what bright sphere
Now breathes thy sacred lyre?
What angel youths enraptur'd hear?
What heavenly themes inspire?
Thy hand no more sublimely flings
Impassioned horror on its strings,
Deep and majestically wild;
Peace breathes through every softer lay,
And Inspiration's gentlest ray
Plays round his warbling child!

Soul soothing bard, thy shade appears
As smiling as thy muse;
Thy cheek no longer dew'd with tears,
Thy hair empearl'd with dews!
Hark! Love, to Mirth's enraptur'd strain,
Trips gaily o'er the laughing plain,
And Zephyr breathes his sweetest tale,
Brisk Cheerfulness the note prolongs,
And Echo fills, with mingling songs,
The bosom of the gale.

Farewell, sweet bard, thy grave around
Shall still with flowers be drest,
While sympathy and love be found,
To warm the human breast.
There, Truth and Friendship, hand in hand,
Shall dew with tears the blooming land,
And scatter wreaths of every hue!
I tear, with grief, my muse away,
Still seem to hear thy thrilling lay,
And weep a last adieu!

The learned Dr. SAMUEL PARR, one of the most elegant classical scholars of Great Britain, is a very successful emulator of the style of JOHNSON and BURKE. The following brief, but beautiful character of the poetry of Horace, will convince every reader of taste, that Dr. Parr is one of the most elaborate of our present prose writers. His style is numerous, and there is great vigour in his thoughts.

The writings of Horace are familiar to us from our earliest boyhood. They carry with them attractions, which are felt in every period of life, and almost every rank of society. They charm alike by the harmony of the numbers, and the purity of the diction. They exhilarate the gay, and interest the serious. Professing neither the precision of analysis, nor the copiousness of system, they have advantages, which, among the ordinary classes of writers, analysis and system rarely attain. They exhibit human imperfections, as they really are, and human excellence as it practically ought to be. They develope every principle of the virtuous in morals, and describe every modification of the decorous in manners. They please without the glare of ornament, and they instruct without the formality of precept. They are the produce of a mind enlightened by study, invigorated by observation; comprehensive, but not visionary; delicate, but not fastidious; too sagacious to be warped by prejudice, and too generous to be cramped by suspicion. They are distinghished by language, adapted to the sentiment, and by effort, proportioned to the occasion. They contain elegance without affectation, grandeur without bombast, satire without buffoonery, and philosophy without jargon.

MISCELLANY.

[The ensuing essay, written by a literary friend, was originally published in a rural miscellany. It, therefore, had but few readers, because, in the country, men are occupied with ploughs and pitchforks, rather than with speculations. As this is among the sensible class, it will be read in the city, so famous for its love of Literature, and for its multitudes of men of leisure.]

A being darkly wise and rudely great. POPE.

It is a mortifying circumstance to human pride, but nevertheless very true, that prejudice, appetite, and passion, are more prevalent motives of human conduct, than reason. Man arrogates to himself the pre-eminent rank of a rational being. That he possesses, at times, a faculty of reasoning, is certain; but that he is governed by it in all, or even most of his actions, will be found contradicted by observation; and that boasted principle of reason, in most instances, distinguishes man from the Lion, Tiger, and Wolf, only as a more crafty and cunning depredator upon his fellow creatures. It is clearly demonstrated, that government, peace, and good order, in the political system; morality and honesty, in private affairs; and virtue, in all situations, are most conducive to the happiness of mankind. It might be supposed then, that in the proper exercise of this faculty of reason, men would discern these truths, and be directed agreeably. Unfortunately, all history and experience contradict the supposition. Wars, revolutions, massacres, and every evil work, in the political world, together with fraud, knavery and rapine, and a perpetual strife, among individuals, even of the same society, would induce one to view man as the greatest enemy to his own species, and the most pernicious being, in the animal creation.

Many are incapable of exersising their intellectual faculty, by the predominance of passion; many by levity and indolent indifference; many by prejudices unreasonably contracted, and some few, perhaps, by natural dullness. Of the great mass of mankind, therefore, there will remain but few, indeed, of whom we can strictly say, that they are, in their actions, rational. These ideas are so well explained and illustrated by Locke, in that part of his essay, wherein he treats upon wrong assent or error, that I cannot forbear quoting a passage or two. In stating, and explaing the numerous sources which create and support wrong assent and erroneous principles, he says, "Probabilities, which cross men's appetites, and prevailing passions, stand no chance. Let never so much probability hang on one side of a covetous man's reasoning, and money on the other, it is easy to foresee which will outweigh. Earthly minds, like mud walls, resist the strongest batteries, and though perhaps sometimes the force of a clear argument may make some impression, yet they nevertheless stand firm, and keep out the enemy, truth, which would disturb them. Tell a man, passionately in love, that he is jilted; bring a score of witnesses of the falsehood of his mistress, it is ten to one, but three kind words of hers shall invalidate all their testimonies." In another passage, remarking upon attachment, contracted to a long received hypothesis, he says, "would it not be an insufferable thing for a learned man, and that which his scarlet would blush at, to have this authority of forty years standing, wrought out of hard rock Greek and Latin, at no small expense of time and candle, and confirmed by a general tradition, and a reverend beard, in an instant overturned by an upstart novelist." I quote the preceeding passages, not only for the sentiment, but the language, for they contain an energy and vivacity of expression, not frequently found in the writings of that philosopher. But we do not want the authority of Locke, to prove that erroneous principles, and perverse dispositions exist, and abound in the world; and we may say, perhaps of mankind at large, what their Almighty Ruler said, and often repeated, of his chosen people, the Jews, that they are a perverse and stiff-necked generation, continually prone to do evil. Though the above reflections are certainly nothing new, to any person of observation, yet some important thoughts may be derived from. Many seem disposed to confide very considerably, in public as well as private concerns, in the natural good sense and reason of mankind. Such confidence is erroneous and detrimental. He, who expects to govern men by appealing to their reason, is fatally mistaken. Man does not possess reason enough to govern himself. It would avail little for a master to attempt, by a grave lecture on the rational importance of learning, to fix the volatile or indolent youth to his lesson. If he would be useful to his scholar, he must grasp the birch. Dr. JOHNSON, the great literary ornament of the present century, when asked how he had acquired so accurate and extensive a knowledge in the Latin tongue, replied, "My master beat me very well, without that, sir, I should have done nothing."

It is said, with a great deal of truth, that men are but children of a larger growth, and the sturdy child, six feet high, is often as incorrigible by reason, as a schoolboy. The rod of a master is as necessary in the government of a nation, as of a school, and mischief equally results in both, from a relaxation of discipline. A view of the recent political events in France, are, in this respect, very instructive. An established government, corrupt, it is true, and vicious in many parts, was hastily subverted, and Frenchmen were abandoned to the government of reason. The result turned out to be, that, even in this blessed age of reason, there was not a sufficient stock of that commodity for individuals to govern themselves by, the share to a single person was

so small. Of Reason, in *Tom Paine's* sense of the word, Scepticism, Infidelity, and a Spirit of Innovation, there was, indeed, more than enough; but this, unfortunately, did not answer the purposes of government. Though this view of human nature is humiliating, it is still beneficial, and may serve to suppress an undue pride and arrogance, and too great confidence in the boasted principle of rationality.

[The following short, but spirited sketch of the character of Dr. SMOLLETT, is from the elegant pen of Dr. Moore, his latest biographer. It is remarkably well drawn, without overcharged features, or gaudy colours, but with the modest tints of Truth.]

CHARACTER OF DOCTOR SMOLLETT.

The person of Dr. Smollett was stout and well proportioned, his countenance engaging, his manner reserved, with a certain air of dignity, that seemed to indicate that he was not unconscious of his own powers. He was of a disposition so humane and generous, that he was ever ready to serve the unfortunate, and, on some occasions, to assist them beyond what his circumstances could justify—Though few could penetrate with more acuteness into character, yet none was more apt to overlook misconduct, when attended with misfortune. He lived in an hospitable manner, but he despised that hospitality, which is founded on ostentation, which entertains only those, whose situation in life flatters the vanity of the entertainer, or such as can make returns of the same kind; that hospitality, which keeps a debtor and creditor account of dinners. Smollett invited to his plain, but plentiful table, the persons whose characters he esteemed, in whose conversation he delighted, and many for no other reason, than because they stood in need of his countenance and protection. As nothing was more abhorrent to his nature, than pertness, or intrusion, few things could render him more indignant than a cold reception; to this, however, he imagined he had sometimes been exposed, on application in favour of others; for himself, he never made an application to any great man in his life.

Free from vanity, Smollett had a considerable share of pride, and great sensibility; his passions were easily moved, and too impetuous when roused; he could not conceal his contempt of folly, his detestation of fraud, nor refrain from proclaiming his indignation against every instance of oppression. Though Smollett possessed a versatility of style in writing, which he could accomodate to every character, he had no suppleness in his conduct. His learning, diligence, and natural acuteness, would have rendered him eminent in the science of medicine, had he persevered in that profession, other parts of his character were ill suited for augmenting his practice. He could neither stoop to impose on credulity, nor humour caprice. He was of an intrepid, independent, imprudent disposition, equally incapable of deceit and adulation, and more disposed to cultivate the acquaintance of those he could serve, than of those who could serve him. What wonder that a man, of this character, was not, what is called, successful in life?

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. HENRY MACKENZIE,

AUTHOR OF THE MAN OF FEELING, &c. &c.

(Concluded from our last.)

Julia de Roubigné, a novel, in letters, is the last work larger in extent than a tale of a few pages, which Mr. Mackenzie has been known to attempt in this way. The fable is not uninteresting: the letters are written with great elegance and propriety of syle. But, the sentiments and characters are out of nature; and yet not among those felicities of imagination, for which we are well content to see the limits of nature overleaped. The events are romantically tragic, and not of pleasing example. This piece has been less frequently reprinted than either the "Man of Feeling," or the "Man of the World." Yet, there is in it, much to give delight to a tender and elegant mind, much that might even transport a youthful fancy to a delirium of wild melancholy and love.

He produced a tragedy, under the title of the "Prince of Tunis," which was acted at the Edinburgh Theatre. The representation was repeated with applause for six nights. Mrs. Yates, then at Edinburgh, appeared in the principal female character.—It has never been performed at any of the theatres in London.

In the year 1776, Mr. Mackenzie married Miss Penuel Grant, sister to Sir James Grant, of Grant.

Some years after, he and a few of his friends, who used to meet occasionally, for convivial conversation, at a tavern kept by one Bayll, a Frenchman, projected the publication of a series of papers similar to the Spectator, on morals, manners, taste, and literature. They were united in a club, which had the name of *Tabernacle*, and and were all, or almost all, lawyers. Mr. Mackenzie was at the head of the project. Mr. Craig, Mr. Cullen, Mr. Bannatyne-Macleod, now judges in the supreme courts of Scotland, the late Mr. Abercrombie who died a Judge, Mr. Solicitor-general Blair, and Mr. George Home, clerk of session, agreed to become his coadjutors. The papers were to be published in weekly numbers; and in allusion to the representations which they were to exhibit of human life, sentiments, and manners, it was settled to give them the common title of "*The Mirror*"

This scheme was carried into effect. The papers were published in weekly numbers, each filling a sheet in folio. The sucession was continued for more than two years. The price of a single copy of each number was threepence. About three or four hundred only were sold, in single papers; but this sale, though inconsiderable, served at least to make the whole very advantageously known. The succession of the numbers was no sooner closed, than the whole were republished in three duodecimo volumes. In Engand, especially, they were now read with great applause. The approbation they received in London, which for such a species of compositions in particular, is the very Athens of modern Europe, seemed to stamp an authority on the praises of those by whom they were commended in Scotland, sufficient to put all censure to silence. As the authors mingled in the highest circles of fashionable and literary life, they wanted not opportunity, while their names remained unknown, to promote the reputation of their work, by many little artifices, which, though perfectly honourable and disingenuous—for, of none else was any of them capable—could not have been equalled used, if they had, from the first, openly avowed it to be theirs. They had the discretion to hide their names from being at all mentioned in relation to it, till its success was complete; and then, the appropriation of the different papers, in a new edition, to those by whom they had been respectively written, served but to renew and augment the public curiosity respecting the whole. They took money for the copy-right; out of which they, first, bestowed an hundred pounds in charity to the Orphan Hospital; and with the rest, purchased an hogshead of claret for the use of the club.

Some years afterwards, conceiving that they had still materials sufficiently fresh and original among them, to furnish out another series of similar papers, they produced, in the same manner, the numbers of the *Lounger*, which were equally received with favour, at their first appearance; were collected in subsequent editions in duodecimo and octavo; were at last publicly avowed by the authors; and continue still to be read with pleasure wherever the English language is known. Mr. Frazer-Tytler, now Lord Woodhouslie of the court of session, the late Dr. Henry, the historian, Dr. Currie of Liverpool, and some few other correspondents, had furnished contributions, not in great quantity, which were inserted, in the Mirror and Lounger, among the writings of the club.

In attempting to judge of the merits of these two publications, one must begin with owning, that they are but imitations. The imitation of the plan of the Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians, is, indeed, common to the Mirrors and Loungers, with many other papers of a similar nature. But, I doubt, whether there be any other similar set of papers, that has less than these of originality to boast, in the two great provinces of ethical observations penetrating beyond the mere furface of life, to the general nature of man, and of light airy fictions, illustrative of the familiar manners of society. Of serious morality, they have nothing of which the elements may not be found in the papers of Steele, Addison, Johnson, and Hawkesworth. Their dreams have been dreamed, told, and interpreted before: their visions have been seen by former seers: their letters from feigned characters, are merely echoes: their allegorical ironies scarce ever present Humour otherwise than in old clothes which she had before worn threadbare.

It is remarkable, too, that though writing in Scotland, they have written rather of English than of Scottish manners. They probably feared, that, if they should boldly venture to mark the leading features of the manners peculiar to Scottish society; they might by this both excite the offence of that narrow provincial circle in which they moved, and at the time produce a work that would have too much of Scottish in it, to find favour in England. Besides, the spirit in which they wrote, seems to have been too much a merely imitative one, to take full advantage of those circumstances favourable to originality, in which their design was executed.

A few of the papers of the Mirror and Lounger, are on topics of metaphysical criticism, and metaphysical disquisition, on subjects in the law of nature and nations, such as was then much studied in the Scottish universties. In these, the authors are seldom happy. These essays want precision, from the attempt to give them popular ease and looseness: they are obscure, from the impossibility of rendering ideas so abstract and refined, at once popular and familiar: they are incomplete, because the limits of the papers did not permit them to be extended to the requisite length: and they are often even otherwise of little value, because the opinions in them seem to have been hastily taken up, slightly considered, and often not very clearly and definitely apprehended, even by the writers themselves. From this censure are, however, to be excepted, the papers on Dreaming, by Dr. Beattie of Aberdeen, which seem, indeed, to be the pride of that philosopher's writings.

In the pathetic, and in delicate Addisonian humour, consists the chief power of these papers: and, in these two species, they cannot be denied to present many instances of uncommon excellence. The tale of the death of La Roche, which aims to convert the deist by the mere force of sensibility, is certainly one of the most tender and affecting which man can read. The letters signed Homespun, are equal in merit, to perhaps the best of Addison's similar papers in

the "Spectator," or of those by Chesterfield in the "World." Hawkesworth's tales in the "Adventurer," may perhaps be thought to excel those of the Mirror and Lounger, in the pathos of general effect, resulting from the common power of character, incidents, sentiments, and general design. But, in that pathetic, which depends on the minute display of tender and picturesque imagery, the writers of the Mirror and Lounger are unrivalled by those of any other collection of periodical papers. Nor, though there be a greater profusion of wit, and that more poignant, in the papers of the "World" and the "Connoisseur," should we think of comparing even these papers with those of the Scottish writers, in respect to that delicacy, that elegant felicity of wit and humour, which is the most envied praise of Horace and of Addison.

It must, indeed, be owned, of the Mirror and Lounger that they wear very much the air of having been written by men of fashion. The colloquial phraseolgy which occurs in them, is not only, in general, pure, but is also that of elegant, rather than of mean or pedantic society. The allusions are to things familiar to the mode of life, which belongs rather to the great and fashionable, than to the laborious and humble. It is to the amusement and amelioration of high life, or life comparatively high, that the scope of almost all these papers is directed. They affect, too, a tone of superiority, a polish of address and manners, a nicety and even caprice of approbation and censure, which seem not very indirectly to bespeak the condition of the authors to have been above the level of tasteless vulgarity.

The style of these papers, seems to have been formed chiefly on the models of Addison, Johnson, Hume, and a few French writers. It is never coarse, mean, nor spiritless; but it is often debased by an intermixture of Scoticisms, of Gallicisms, and of the peculiar *slang* language of Scottish metaphysics. It scarcely ever attains to the ease and felicity of genuine and delicate Anglicism. The sense is sometimes enfeebled or lost amid the multiplicity and the elaborate prettiness of the words employed to express it.

Of the Mirror and Lounger, it may be, with truth, observed, that, as has been said of the Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians, they sensibly improved the conversation of the best company in Edinburgh and other parts of Scotland, within a few years after their publication. They refined and corrected the public taste in regard to amusements; and, they contributed to connect elegant literature with the diversions and harmless levities of the gay.

For these and whatever other benefits may have been derived to society from those papers, the chief thanks are unquestionably due to Mr. Mackenzie. He acted as editor of the whole. His papers are considerably more numerous than those of any of his coadjutors, more various in regard to the nature of their subjects, and of superior merit. He easily appears among so many men of distinguished talents, as Addison among the other writers of the Spectator, or Dryden among the other authors of the poetical miscellanies of which he was the editor. Though we had no other test, by which to judge of the abilities of the principal writer in the Mirror and Lounger; we should not fail to rank them high, upon this consideration solely, that in a knot of men so eminent, he stands unquestionably the first.

When the Royal Society of Edinburgh was instituted, Mr. Mackenzie became one of its members. Among the papers, with which he has enriched the volumes of its transactions, are, an elegant tribute to the memory of his friend Judge Abercrombie, and a memoir on German tragedy, which bestows great praise on the "Emilia Galotti" of Lessing, and on the "Robbers" by Schiller.

He had procured the materials for that memoir through the medium of a French work. But, desiring afterwards to enjoy the native beauties of German poetry, he took some lessons in the language of Germany from a Dr. Okely, then studying medicine at Edinburgh. The fruits of his attention to German literature, appeared farther in the year 1791, in a small volume containing translations of the "Set of Horses" by Lessing, and of two or three other dramatic pieces, executed partly, we believe, by Mr. Mackenzie, and in part by Dr. Okely.

A comedy written by Mr. Mackenzie, under the name of the *White Hypocrite*, was unsuccessfully brought forward in representation of Covent-garden theatre, in, we believe, the winter 1788-89. He produced also a tragedy, founded upon the "Fatal Curiosity" of Lillo, which met in representation no better fate. For the English drama of the present time, we think it singularly unfortunate, that powers of wit, pathos, and classical elegance, like those of Mr. Mackenzie, should have been thus hooted from the stage.

A "Review of the Proceedings of the Parliament which met first in the Year 1784," and a series of "Letters, under the signature of Brutus," are political productions which, by their spirit, elegance, and tendency to support the order of government, have done great honour to this gentleman's talents.

He has approved himself an example of every domestic virtue. He has never weakly suffered his attachment to literary pursuits to divert him from the diligent and zealous discharge of his duty as a man of business. He has lived in friendship with many of the most eminent of his contemporaries; the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, his nephew the Lord Chief Baron of the Scottish Exchequer, those eminent Judges who were his coadjutors in the Mirror and Lounger, and many other persons of high distinction whom we might enumerate. By the people of Edinburgh, as to their public amusements, he has long been regarded as the very *arbiter elegantiarum*. Of any sort of merit in those literary arts in which he himself excels, he has ever been to others a kind and zealous patron. He is one of the directors of a subscription-concert which has long been maintained at Edinburgh, upon a plan highly agreeable to the public. He is extremely fond of the rural diversions of fowling, hunting, and fishing. In all those exertions which have been found necessary, since the year 1791, to support the government, and preserve the peace of the country, there has been no person more honourably nor more usefully zealous and active than he.

His fortune, never uncomfortably small, is not even now inviduously great. His business in the Exchequer yields probably an income of 80 *l.* a year: he is comptroller-general of taxes for Scotland, with a salary of 600*l.* a year: and his other emoluments may perhaps raise the whole amount of his annual income to somewhat more than 2000*l.* He has a family of eleven amiable and promising children.

He is an eminent member of a "Literary Club," in which a few of the most eminent members of the Royal Society of Edinburgh occasionally meet for literary and friendly converse at a convivial meal in a tavern. His conversation is ever the charm and the pride of every society which he enters.

It is peculiarly pleasing to contemplate a life in which the praise of literature is so happily, so elegantly, so gracefully associated with the best virtues of social and domestic life, and with the steady and judicious exercise of the most respectable talents for business:—it is peculiarly pleasing—for, alas! the example is singularly rare.

The readers of this memoir may be assured, that it is not the eulogy of a friend to him whose merits it commemorates. Its writer has endeavoured only to mention without prejudice, facts of which he had authentic information. But if, in spite of this care, any prejudices may have influenced him in relating what he knew, those prejudices have certainly not been in favour of the subject of this memoir.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

[Among the manuscripts of a learned gentleman, late of Maryland, I have met with an entire translation of the seventeen books of the punicks of Silius Italicus. This translation was commenced in the year 1730, and appears to have been with great care and labour prepared for the press, it is in verse, after the manner of Pope's Homer, and to the work the translator has affixed copious notes, critical, historical, &c. I send you the introduction to the translation, which you will find to be the life of the antient poet, with some account of his poem; it may not prove an uninteresting article for the Port Folio, but of this you are the sole judge. I expect to be enabled to send you extracts from the translation, from which some opinion may be formed of the execution of the work.]

SILIUS ITALICUS,

Of an antient and illustrious family, was born about twelve years before the death of the emperor Tiberius, and for some time made no inconsiderable figure at the Roman bar; from the bench of the Centemvirs, the highest of the ordinary courts of justice in the city of Rome, he was raised to the Consulate by Nero, in the last year of his reign, under whom he injured his character, as being suspected of voluntarily accusing some persons to that prince. In favour with Vitellius, he conducted himself wisely and with winning address; and together with Cluvius Rufus, assisted at the conference between Sabinus and Vitellius, when the latter was about to abdicate the empire to Vespasian. Glory herself attended him from his Asiatic Proconsolate; soon after, about the forty-sixth year of his age, he is thought to have withdrawn himself entirely from public affairs; and without power, without envy, blessed and happy almost to his last moments, except in the loss of the younger of his two sons, the elder surviving him in a prosperous and even in a Consular state! he spent the remains of a very long life, in a delightful and delicate retirement, employing those days in which he did not write, in learned discourses, much respected, and from personal regard, visited by those of the first distinction. He seems to have been fond of fine and new things, and, as he was very rich, had several seats in and about Campania, (itself then one of the finest views in the world) furnished with books, statues and paintings; among others, he purchased Tully's villa, called the academy, and that of Virgil near Naples, whose tomb he visited with the reverence of a temple, and observed his birth-day with more solemnity than his own; at this villa, as age drew on, he confined himself often to his bed, always to his chamber, still regarded and visited as before, and in this calm retreat outlived his seventy-fifth year, when afflicted by an incurable cancerous tumour, called Clavus (the pain of it being like that produced by driving a nail through the part) he put an end to his life by fasting with a constancy not to be diverted—he died in the second year of the Emperor Trajan, of the city eight hundred and fifty-

two, and of Christ about one hundred and fifteen, the same year that Martial the Epigrammatist died at Bibilis in Spain. In his delightful retirement, he wrote his poem of the second punic or Carthaginian war, which, though strictly historical (some smaller incidents and his machinery excepted) wherever opportunity offered, is embellished with such poetical stories as were preserved in the legends of the age in which he lived; this more particularly appears in his pedigrees and in the account of the migration and first settlement of those who peopled Italy, Africa, Spain, Sicily and Sardinia, the ancient geography of which countries is allowed not only to be very exact, but is every where beautified with that landscape painting so much admired in the two great fathers of poetry, and so constantly imitated by succeeding poets, as if they thought it an ingredient in the definition of an epick, without which it could not be complete.

His characters were made to his hand, and are those of the greatest personages and in the greatest scenes of life; his battles are fought with inimitable heat and vigour of fancy, and varied with a great number of bold, curious, and strange circumstances; his sentiments are truly sublime, equal to the grand subject and to that high station of life he himself had acted in; those sentiments especially, which he delivers from the mouths of his speakers, have a strong and beautiful contrast in them; are such as can be found but in the noblest breasts, and show him a perfect master of disputation, completely furnished with the finest talents, defensive and opponent, to debate in such august assemblies as that he sat a member of, and where the fate of kings and nations was determined; this is evident from the speeches of Hanno and Gestar; of Mago and Hanno in the eleventh, and of Fabius and Scipio in the sixteenth book. Conversant from his earlier days with the greatest and the best, the wisest and most learned and politest personages then in life; and upon an equality with, if not superior to most of them, Silius Italicus had here advantages which the Greek and Latin poets in a lower sphere, seem to have wanted. Perhaps in endeavouring to preserve the simplicity he has lost the majesty of his great Roman master, to whose immortal language not only himself, but every pen of man must yield; not but that his expression is often smooth or sonorous, rapid or sedate, and in every way echoing to the sentiment it is intended to convey; the conduct could hardly go further than setting his pieces in the finest light; and among others there is an instance of this, in opposing the elder Cato's steady valour to the negro giant, whose appearance had frightened the whole Roman army in the seventh book; this is well conducted and cannot but be admired, and can be admired but by the nicest taste; it is equal to the brightest passage in the best of authors. The incident may be a fiction or perhaps a common traditionary report; but it is so like a truth, and a very noble one in the character of the Roman hero, the fittest person in that army, perhaps in the world, to face so foul a sight, that it makes a most striking figure where it stands.

This perhaps may give in general no very misinforming idea of the poet and the poem; what besides occurs remarkable in the work, will be taken notice of in the work itself: no essay is here meant upon poetry in general, or of the epick in particular; after what is so well known from Aristotle, Horace, Longinus, Addison and Pope, nothing can be added on the plan of the antients; a taste may be sufficiently formed from them, as far as rules can form one; the subject is enough exhausted; instances only can be multiplied.

LEVITY.

[Of the various *technical* love letters, which have been indited by the Wits, perhaps the ensuing is the most happy. It is derived from a London paper, and we believe the article is not stale.]

A LETTER

From an Attorney, on the Circuit, to his mistress in town.

MY DEAR CHARMER!

The *Circuit* is now at an end, and the Judges and Lawyers on their return home; but no *Felon*, sentenced, at the assizes, to transportation could have been in a more wretched plight than your humble servant; for I can safely make *affidavit*, that each day, that I behold not your lovely face, is to me a *dies non*. Cupid, the Tipstaff, has served me with an *attachment* from your bright eyes, more dreadful than a *green wax process;* he has taken my heart into *custody*, and will not accept of *bail*. Unless you allow of my *plea*, I must be *non-suited* in a *cause* I have set my heart on. Why will you, while I pine in hopes of a speedy *rejoinder*, hang me up *term* after *term*, by frivolous *delays*, which tend only to gain *time*.

I *filed my bill* as of last *Michaelmas Term*, on the Morrow of All Souls, in hopes, ere this, to have joined *issue* with you. It is now fifteen days from *Easter-day*, and, by your *demurring*, I am as far from bringing my *cause* to an *hearing*, as before I commenced my *suit*. You still delay giving in your *answer*, which is absolutely against the *practice* of all the *courts*. I would willingly quit the fattest *client* there, to attend your business, would you but submit to a *reference;* and should prefer an *attendance* at your *chambers*, to those of a *Master* in *Chancery*.

I stand in great need of an able Counsel to move my suit while I am absent; that sly slut, Dolly, your chamber maid, has taken my *fee*, yet I fear betrays my cause: she is ever preferring some *cross-bill*, which protracts matters, and yet I do not sue *in forma pauperis*, being ready and willing to *infeoff* you in a good *jointure;* and to this I will bind myself, my *heirs*, *executors*, *administrators*, and *assigns*, by a Deed in which you shall nominate *trustees*.

To save expenses, my clerk shall engross it, and it shall be perused by your own lawyer, it being left as a query, how vastly preferable the title of a *femme couvert* is to that of a spinster; but you shall answer short to all my *interlocutory interrogatories*. If I could but once obtain a leading order to try my title, by even a jury of your own friends, I am certain I should obtain a verdict in my favour, and recover costs against you; for I have a good action for attendance and loss of time, though, upon the *postea*, I do not think I could find in my heart to issue a *ca sa:* against you, or put you into any court, but that of Hymen.

You have equity in your own breast, and from thence I hope for relief: decree but for me, and the day of *essoign* shall be that of your own nuptials, and the *eve* of the lasting felicity of, dear creature, your humble supplicant, and faithful orator, &c.

T. SPLITCAUSE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

From the Poetical Register, an elegant asylum for the fugitive productions of Genius, we extract the following remarks upon certain of the most new and meritorious publications.

HUNT'S JUVENILIA.

A considerable degree of Taste and Genius is manifested in this volume of juvenile Poems. Many of the pieces would not disgrace authors of a more advanced age. The Palace of Pleasure, in particular, is conceived and executed with great ability. The difficult stanza of Spencer is well managed, and many of the figures and personifications are appropriate and beautiful.

The Poems of Huddesford, late Fellow of New College, Oxford. Imported by Morgan and Bradford.

It has been observed of this author, and we think with great justice, that if the doctrine of the transmigration of souls could be believed, we might be induced to think that the spirit of the immortal author of Hudibras had taken up its residence in his body. Mr. Huddesford possesses a very large share of that poignant wit and biting satire, that facility of verse, and power of forming uncommon rhymes, for which Butler is so justly admired. But his merit is not confined to this alone. His serious poems are, in a very eminent degree, entitled to the praise of elegance, tenderness and animation.

MACNEILL'S POEMS.

The works of Hector Macneill, Esq. have so long been known to the world that it is almost unnecessary to deliver a judgment upon them. Of one of his Poems, The Scaith of Scotland, more than ten thousand copies were sold in a very short space of time. This rapid sale is honourable to the publick taste. Mr. Macneill's Poems are distinguished by a correctness of style, a melody of verse, and command of poetical language not often to be found. The Scottish dialect is used in a part of his Poems, but not to such an extent as to render them unintelligible even to a mere English reader.

BOWLES' POEMS, VOL. II.

That tenderness of thought, sweetness of versification, and command of poetical imagery, by which Mr. Bowles has so long been distinguished, are to be found in a no less proportion in this volume, than in his former works. The Battle of the Nile is 'of a higher mood.' It is an Ode well worthy of the subject. The blank verse of Mr. Bowles is not inferior to his other verse.

Tales of Terror, with an introductory dialogue. The dialogue is not without merit. Many of the tales are evidently designed to ridicule the present taste for the wonderful, and of others it is difficult to decide whether they are meant to be serious or ludicrous. In some of the burlesque tales, the manner of the original is very happily imitated.

Tales of the Devil, from the original Gibberish of Professor Lumpwitz, in the University of Snoringberg.

These tales are evidently written for the purpose of ridiculing the Tales of Wonder, and other stories of the same kind. For this purpose they are well adapted, as they copy, with great effect, the phraseology and versification of the original, and degrade them by an application to the most ludicrous objects. The most valuable part of this pamphlet is the engravings, which are from the pencil of Bunbury, and are irresistibly laughable.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following spirited sketch presents many of the features of that form of Government, which deserves no fairer character, than that of being the most flagrant imposition ever practised upon the credulity of abused mankind.

A democracy is a most absurd constitution, productive of anarchy and mischief, which must always happen, when the government of a nation depends upon the caprice of the ignorant, hair-brained vulgar. In such an unjust, ungrateful, cruel, and profligate government, it is in the power of the most vicious member of the com-

monwealth, provided he is endowed with eloquence, to ruin the most deserving by a desperate exertion of his talents upon the populace, who had been often persuaded to act in the most atrocious manner against the greatest patriots that their country had produced. Moreover, the liberal arts and sciences never flourished so much in a republick, as under the encouragement and protection of a Monarchy, witness the Augustan age, and the reign of Lewis the fourteenth: for it cannot be supposed that Genius and Merit can be so amply compensated by the miserable and penurious individuals, or the distracted councils of a beggarly commonwealth, as by the liberality and magnificence of one, who has the whole treasury at command, and who is surrounded by men, not nominally noble, but trained up to all the habits of honour, generosity, and patronage.

—

A politician of a mind more sober than those empirics, who have defaced France, and who are defacing our country, has told us, that when *he* was devising schemes for the general welfare, he was resolved not to be guilty of tampering, the odious vice of restless and unstable minds. "I put my foot in the tracks of our forefathers, where I can neither wander nor stumble. This, if it be not ingenious, I am sure it is safe." On the contrary, our political projectors are continually turning aside from these tracks, and labour to forget that via trita, via tuta.

—

To what purpose does a country vaunt of its liberty and its privileges, its resources and its revenues, if, like the archbishop, who retired to a fortress, surrounded by water, we find safety from foes, but are eaten up by the rats of our own castle. The natural advantanges of America are ample enough, but its fair face is over-run with vermin, and we elaborately strive to counteract the benignity of God's providence, by the monstrous absurdity, and insolent cruelty of our institutions. To exalt fools, to foster villains, and to degrade men of Genius is as much a thing of course, as if both our hearts and our understandings were not outraged by such an atrocious, and such a profligate arrangement. To be degraded, to be oppressed, to be insulted, is loathsome to any man of spirit, in any government, even in those, whose imperious character imposes upon its vassal the appearance, if not the reality of servitude. But to be, in any degree, controuled by *plebeian* hands, and governed by the councils of *plebeian* heads is, indeed, a most abject thraldom. Better, far better, to be the door-keeper in the house of wise and legitimate governments, than to dwell in the tents of *Democracy*. Nay, better to be tyrannized over by a Tiberius, than by a populace, whose majority is composed of Convicts, Outlaws, and every foreign Fanatic and Criminal, whom the Justice, or the Policy of Europe has transported to this burdened land.

—

Among the strange and incongruous signs, in the city of London, may be reckoned the Black Lion and Three Magpies, and the Blue Mare and the Beehive.

—

An elegant essayist, who deplores the decline of Classical Literature, and the prevalence of superficial studies, finely observes, that men now rove as in a wide and desolated forest, in which all the straight and towering timber, the venerable pride of the place had fallen, and none, but a kind of literary pollards, remained, sending from their penurious tops a paltry growth of little branches, short in their duration, feeble in their texture, and servile in their uses,

A wicked wit says somewhere, but I advise the ladies not to seek for the place, for then the dear creatures would grow outrageous, that women have virtues, luminous virtues—at a ball, and corruscations—at an opera, that set the heart of man on fire.

—

I heard an *independent* American aver, the other day, that in a republick there was always a stock of publick spirit among the men, and private *virtue even among harlots, and that the water of no diamond was of a clearer lustre, than the proverbial purity of a commonwealth. To which I mildly, though incredulously responded, in the true yankee style, by asking a question,

Gentle shepherd, tell me *when*, and tell me, *where?*

—

The humanity of the ensuing sentiments will affect some, and the poetry may please others.

TO ANGLERS.

O take away that wily, treacherous hook!
Why are the harmless tenants of the brook,
(Secure, poor things, till now, amongst each other),
To be of cold barbarity the sport?
Perhaps each fish, that from the flood you court,
May mourn its parents kind—a sister—brother!

It makes Humanity, sweet maiden, weep
To see the wanton sportives of the deep
Torn from the pleasures of their silv'ry bed:
It makes her sigh, to mark the dipping float,
The hidden captive's agony denote,
And all its sweet and social comforts fled.

I love to see the gudgeon and the bream
Thrid the wild mazes of their native stream,
And unmolested through each thicket stray;
I love to see the dace, in shining pride,
Now rush amidst the fierce, impetuous tide,
And now upon the tempting surface play.

The worm that writhes, too, on the barbed steel,
Knows not less pain than does the culprit feel,
When legal Vengeance drags him to her den:
His well-knit limbs, his nerves, his sinews firm,
Defy not torture better than a worm—
Reptiles are flesh and blood as well as men.

'Tis not for man to lift his murd'ring arm
Against the artless, unoffending swarm,
To wage unequal combat with a fish:
So much, believe me, liberty I prize,
I'd rather on their freedom feast my eyes,
Than view them, smoaking, on the glutton's dish.

Enough for me, if, while I roam at ease,
And taste, sweet Isis, on thy banks, the breeze
That wantons there, upon her silken wings,
Health's genial hand its bounty shall bestow,
And on my cheek impress the vivid glow,
And all the charms the lovely goddess brings.

Farewell, my rod, and to my lines farewell,
No more shall sports, like these, my bosom swell—
No more shall ye to cruelty invoke me:
Perhaps some fish, with patriot rage, may burn—
Perhaps some trout be savage in its turn—
And, dying for its injur'd brethren, choak me.

[*London paper.*

—

The following invitation to a convivial party contains an odd exception; I find it in a recent novel, and it is intended to jeer the sporting parson. "I've ask'd a precious party to meet you—all three bottle men, except the parson, and he drinks *four*."

—

The Editor of that valuable paper, the New-England Palladium, thus humourously lays down the law of composition to some of those poetical transgressors, with whom every Editor of Taste and Judgment is harrassed, whenever, like Virgil's shepherd, they, with *inani studio*, pour forth their incondite strains. "We have received, at different times, many sonnets, odes, ballads, &c. &c. which we have not yet published. The conditions upon which this species of poetry can be inserted, are, once for all, here set down. It must be so far intelligible that common sense can divine its meaning. It must contain the usual quantity of metrical feet, for more or less will not do in poetry, however well it may in finance. It must be English, and Grammar, notwithstanding the authority of Mr. *Jefferson* and Mr. *Lincoln* to the contrary. Novelty of imagery or sentiment, is not required."

—

An enormous pair of Cross Keys was the sign of an Inn, in Chesnut street, kept by Mr. Massey. A punster, who had nothing better to say, as he was strolling by the house, remarked that those were literally *massy keys*.

—

If any of our Philadelphia belles wish for a ruddier bloom, than what the fervor of Summer, and the reading of the modest Romances, from the circulating library, can crimson their cheeks with, we recommend them to dispatch a courier to London for those glowing tints, which a Perfumer advertises with the sweet name of

"THE SICILIAN BLOOM OF YOUTH AND BEAUTY, OR, IMPALPABLE VEGETABLE FLESH POWDER,

Is recommended, to the Ladies, with the utmost degree of confidence, as the most exquisite production in the Universe, for beautifying the skin, without the possibility of doing the slightest injury: it is a peculiarly elegant preparation from the beautiful Azalæa (a shrub indigenous to Scicily), the result of a most curious process, and the invention of an expert and experienced chymist. The common articles of this description give a cadaverous and unnatural whiteness to the skin, while, on the contrary, the Sicilian Flesh Powder, which is not a dead white, but a natural, lively, fair flesh colour, communicates the most brilliant and natural fairness that can possibly be conceived, and possesses this pre-eminent excellence, that it cannot possibly be discovered by the most scrutinising observer, but looks like the native bloom of Health, taken from the neck of youth and beauty, and placed on the skin, to which this Powder is applied, according to the directions for use, which accompany each packet."

—

A Lady, who lately attempted to delineate the features of her lover, in the midst of her employment, relinquished the pencil, and taking up the pen, addressed to him the following affectionate compliment,

Thy manly face I strove to hit,
My art thy graces foil;
Short of success, yet loath to quit,
My hand renews the toil.

Love's laughing God my sketches spied,
And, with his sharpest dart,
My inexpressive skill supplied,
And grav'd thee in my heart.

—

Modern Philanthropy has been excellently described under the figure of an allegorical personage, who is so busily employed in searching for *distant* objects of distress, that she stumbles over a pilgrim, who came to solicit immediate assistance.

—

Most of the disciples of the new school, says the sagacious Mrs. West, are subject to strange distortions of intellect; they are either engrossed by remote contingencies, when they should be acting upon present circumstances, or they are balancing between two supposed duties, when one real one requires all their attention.

* So very private, that, like a bat, or a bad man, it sometimes shuns the light.

Extract of a letter from a young gentleman in Paris, to his friend in Philadelphia.

Thursday, 23d December.

The night before the last, I was at the first of half a dozen balls, which are given here in the winter by subscription, and are attended by all persons of distinction, both foreign and Parisian. I went at twelve, and found myself too soon and the rooms thin, by two they were very crouded.—Madam Tallien, who now takes her maiden name of Cabarrus (I think) and madam Visconti, were there—madam Recamier was not. More good and generous deeds are not related of any woman on earth, than of madam Tallien—and her whole history is legible in her sweet face. She now only lacks of forty, and looks large and matronly—what she must have been at twenty-five, Helen never was. Her black eyes are each a sparkling soul, perhaps beautiful as they are, they have lost half of their lustre—her hair is black, mouth very small, and teeth very good. She is tall, and before she squared as women are apt to do at thirty-five, her figure must have been elegant. In speaking of a lady, Gibbon says we may allow ourselves these little particulars. Her character is all in her countenance—extreme goodness and vivacity. She has had several children. Her wanderings have thrown her very much out of society. Madam Visconti came at three o'clock. Keeping such hours, I cannot, you know, rise at eight. So that I often breakfast at twelve and one, which allowing the difference, brings me near your time—and I dare say we sometimes sit down together.

Monday, 27th. I had allotted Christmas day for some reflections I wished to make to you upon travelling; but it stole away and another day after it, without my finding half an hour for you; even now my ideas are chaotic. I know very well what I wish to say, but there is a great deal of it, and that not well ordered. The roads to enjoyment are various—all travel them. In the first place, as to the mere matter of enjoyment, including contingent considerations, Paris is the place. You will find that I do not write here half as frequently as elsewhere; because of the few opportunities; because of the danger of asking questions, and making scrutinies and observations on certain and those the most important subjects; and principally, because Monday arrives before I have half done the business of Sunday. There is every modification of and every provocation to pleasure here.—There are sixteen theatres open every night, besides balls, masquerades, spectacles, exhibitions of every possible character. The world live abroad, so that a stranger is never at a loss for all sorts of society; and a Restaurateur will give you at a cheap rate, the most delicious wines. In short, such is the never ending succession of amusement; such the perfection of the public spectacles, that with youth and money, a man must want every thing, if he can want for entertainment. I believe the benefits which undoubtedly may be acquired abroad, are much shocked by national prejudices, which induce fellow-countrymen to seek each others, and avoid foreign society. If I had a son (Heaven save the mark, but its only ex gratia) I would insist more upon his living apart from his countrymen, than upon any other circumstance.

Dinner time most luckily relieves me from a task I have undertaken, without feeling myself competent—I have the head full of it, but I cannot write, I could talk it better. At all events, I am perfectly satisfied with the hands I am in, and fully persuaded that experience in nearly the same ways, added to extreme good sense and parental generosity, will order for me whatever is best.

Upon reading over what you have just read, I can hardly perceive myself what it all tends to, heaven knows how you should—but you must allow for me, you know I write almost as fast as I think. As the old folks say, all in good time—another day I may make it clearer.

Be it known this seventh day of December, that though I have father, mother, brothers, cousin, and friends, I have received but two letters since I left them, though I have written between fifty and an hundred, and most of those with eight pages. I do not ask any body to answer what I write; perhaps it is the fear that I expect such verbatim replies, that prevents my correspondents. I only beg for letters and the small table news. No news is good news—as long as you all live and flourish, I will excuse you, though indeed I had rather hear from you.

—

The following remark of one of the wisest of statesmen, deserves the regard of some of our wittol politicians, who vainly suppose that the ramparts of jacobinism can be battered down by the discharge of a single piece of ordnance.

No man, who is not inflamed by vain glory into enthusiasm, can flatter himself that his single, unsupported, desultory, unsystematic endeavours, are of power to defeat the subtle designs and united cabals of ambitious citizens. When bad men combine, the good must associate; else the latter will fall, one, by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.

—

The late alderman Cadell served a regular apprenticeship to the celebrated Andrew Millar, bookseller, the patron of Thomson, Fielding, and other meritorious authors. In 1764, Mr. Cadell succeeded to the business, and was soon considered at the head of his profession. Mr. Cadell followed the track of Millar, and held out considerable remunerations to Robertson, Blackstone, Burn, Gibbon, Henry, and various other able writers. [*London Magazine.*

—

In the prospectus of the two Journals lately established in London by the united company of booksellers, it is stated, that "The grand object of these papers will be to ascertain and communicate facts, rescued from the disguise or gloss of party; and to exercise the privileges of discussion with a due respect to constituted authoties and personal worth, with a becoming reverence to the rights and privileges of other governments and nations; and with the liberality that may be expected in prints devoted to the information of Scholars and Gentlemen." This plan is truly liberal and spirited.

—

"The Organ or the Spirit of public opinion" a new periodical paper, in the manner of the Spectator, Rambler, &c. has commenced in London. Its primary object is to present, in an application of the principles of taste, morality, religion, &c. to temporary and popular subjects, a series of interesting, elegant and amusing instruction to the Fair, the young, and to all those in general, who delight in the discussion of topics of virtue, taste and literature. It aims at the same time, to vindicate the majesty, the sanctity, the truth of public opinion, from the contemptible, yet dangerous misrepresentations of the *common newspapers*. It is continued weekly. A number is published every Saturday eve at six o'clock. Several numbers have appeared, and the success has been such as to exceed all recent examples in publications of this nature. It is the only paper of this sort now published in a separate form in England.

—

A gentleman being lately asked what employment he intended to put his son to? answerd—"If *curricles* and *gigs* should continue in fashion, I think I'll bind him apprentice to a *Surgeon*.

A late novelist thus describes the watchfulness of his heroine:—Night had now put her extinguisher on the sun, but sleep could not draw the curtains over the eyes of my fair heroine. In plainer terms, being in bed, and *not at a modern comedy*, she was unable to close her eyelids.

—

Palmer, the *American Atheist*, borrowing ideas from some of the Philosophers who never had the light of Revelation, has been publishing some crude notions respecting *Nature*, and endeavouring to involve weak heads in a labyrinth of metaphysics, that, *believing him*, they may *believe nothing*.

—

An American Newspaper states, with some degree of exultation, that excellent *Westphalia* hams are now made in the State of *Baltimore*.

—

Miss Honoria Gibbons, of Bath, sings so sweetly, that she has captivated the brother of a Nobleman, who it is said, talks of matrimony. Shenstone remarks that marrying a *Woman* for her voice, is like eating a *Lark* for its singing! But— very man to his *taste!*

—

The Petit Maitres have been described in some of the papers, as resembling a pair of tongs; Falstaff's description of Slender, is infinitely more humorous and appropriate:—He was like a forked raddish, with a head most fantatstically carved."

—

Mr. Chishul, in his Travels, relates it rather as a laughable circumstance, that a *Taylor* first discovered the Cabbage-tree on the coast of Africa.

—

In a long account of a Negro who died in Pennsylvania, at the age of 116, it is mentioned, that when she arrived at 96, her master *kindly* excused her from her usual labour!

—

Madame Bonaparte, it is said, intends to establish, an order of Vestals in France, similar to that of Antient Rome—the Candidates are not to exceed ten years of age.

—

A dashing highwayman being at the place of execution, in company with a chimney-sweeper, and anxious, whatever spots there might be on his reputation, to preserve his leather breeches unsullied, desired his companion to stand at a greater distance—"Why, (replied Sweep) hav'nt I as much right to be here as you have?"

—

Length of a Law-suit!—Brissonius, the great Juris-Consult, says, that a Law-suit was carried on in Prague, in the 16th century, the written pleadings of which being measured, were found to extend 28 German leagues, about 140 English miles.

[*London Oracle.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The elegant essays of "Florian" shall have an early and a conspicuous place. From the specimens of this writer's style, with which he has favoured us, it is understood that his correspondence will be very agreeable to Mr. Saunter.

The muse of "Lysander," though youthful and timid, is not awkward, and presents herself more gracefully than many of her juvenile sisters.

We hope "Harley" has not renounced his literary amusements.

"Asmodeo" will oblige the Editor by favouring him with his address.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The enclosed effusions were written during the prevalence of the yellow fever last year. They are now offered to the Editor's perusal—Should all, or any of them, be fortunate enough to pass the ordeal in safety, it will naturally gratify the author.]

RURAL SKETCHES.

Written, during the prevalence of the yellow fever in 1802.

DEDICATION TO THE MUSES.

Oh ye, to whose almighty power I bow,
But still whose power can't keep the bard from starving,
Ye who can weave the laurel round my brow,
(Alas! a mournful substitute for carving).

Since now to you I pay the votive lay,
O grant your humble votary's first petition,
If e'er his verses see the light of day,
Quick let them pass thro' many a fair edition.

With well gilt backs, to catch the admiring eye,
And bound in calf or red morocco leather;
Ranged on a shelf with Pope and Goldsmith lie,
For *splendid works* should always *rank together*.

With all the fire of genius light his pen,
Inflame his mind with nice poetic tinder,
That he may catch the heavenly spark, and then—
Rhyme like that rattling madcap, Peter Pindar.

With radiant lustre let his *Sketches* shine,
Endue, with feeling, every ode and sonnet,
That every giggling miss may cry—'*divine*,'
And not one crabbed critic—'fie upon it.'

Ne'er let his *genius* dwindle and expire,
Like dying taper glimmering in its socket;
Give him, what poets seldom can acquire,
Good hearty dinners, and a well lin'd pocket.

So shall the grateful bard your praises sing,
And to your fame most musically carol,
Blythe as the birds, that woo the opening spring,
Or author strutting in his clean apparel.

LYSANDER.

SKETCHES, No. I.

NOON.

Fainting beneath the fervent noontide heat,
To groves and thickets cool the herds retreat;
Zephyr now slumbers on the arid plain,
And weak and weary plods the rustic swain.

Where e'er sweet Malvon's swiftly gliding stream
The arching oaks exclude the solar beam,
On the green sward reclin'd, I court the Muse,
While Fancy clothes the scene with vivid hues.

But see, where rippling o'er yon distant wave,
The breeze, conceiv'd in some sequester'd cave,
Plays on the stream—and, as it creeps along,
Relieves my frame, and wakes the powers of song.

Zephyr, from thy native dell,
Where the wood-nymphs love to dwell,
Come, O come, and hither bring
All the genial breath of Spring;
Round my throbbing temples play,
Cool the fervent heat of day.

See the wild flower droops its head,
All its vernal beauty fled;
Zephyr, leave thy native dell,
Cavern wild and sylvan cell.

'Tis past, the rustling leaves again are still,
No sound disturbs all Nature's dull repose;
But from the wave a vapour, dank and chill,
Shall rise when o'er the scene the shades of evening close.

SKETCHES, No. II.

APATHY.

Careless of all the beauties of the scene,
The falling torrent or enamell'd green,
The shepherd, whistling, drives his fleecy care
To pick the scanty herbage on the lawn;
When fresh and grateful blows the balmy air,
And the lark hails the morning's dewy dawn.

He sees, with careless eye, the vapour rise,
And curl around the towering mountain's brow,
While the clear stream, that silent winds below,
Reflects the lustre of the morning skies.

The sun, when first his animating beam
Gilds the retiring shades of dusky night,
And throws o'er Nature's scenes a golden gleam,
Inspires no reverence as it meets his sight.

Accustom'd long to view the approach of dawn,
To see the sun disperse the mists of night;
To tread with nimble feet, the dewy lawn,
And see the stream reflect the morning light.

Regardless whence the beams of day proceed,
Or why, each eve, the sun sinks in the west;
No fear, at sights like these, restrains his speed,
Nor fluttering pleasure agitates his breast.

He scarcely notices those scenes sublime,
That wake, in feeling hearts, admiring awe;
Nor heeds how fast the foot of hoary Time
Speeds on to execute the eternal law.

No intellectual rays illume his mind,
Shrouded in night, to cheerless Apathy consign'd.

These are, perhaps, enough to try the experiment—should it succeed, there are others of as motley a texture from the same loom, in readiness to participate in their destiny.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The encomium which, in a late Lounger, you passed on the juvenile productions of Mr. HUNT, has excited the curiosity of those who delight to admire the early maturity of Genius. That they may be further indulged, I send you a short piece on Melancholy, from the pen of that youthful Bard.

J. E. H.]

MELANCHOLY.

There is a charm no joys bestow,
Nor rank, nor wealth impart;
'Tis when the tear is stealing slow,
And softly sighs the heart.
Oft have I watch'd the evening sky,
Where rose the silver bow,
My bosom heav'd—I knew not why,
And tears began to flow;
Ah, then I thought that mirth was folly,
Thine was the charm—sweet Melancholy.

Ye hearts of stone, that think no bliss
Can glisten in a tear,
Who think the love that sighs a kiss
Insipid and severe:
Ah ne'er was turn'd on you, ye cold,
The dew'd and tender eye;
The warmest love that e'er was told,
Was breath'd upon a sigh.
Mirth is deceit, and laughter folly,
Bliss wafts the sigh of Melancholy.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN OLD MAN'S ADDRESS TO LOVE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Ungrateful Love, thou fliest away,
Scorning my locks, both thin and grey;
But Friendship, pitying my grief,
Consoles me, and affords relief.
How many griefs and pains I had been spar'd,
If for my *fair* hair, Love, thou had'st not car'd.

—

FROM THE SAME.

I can't conceive what Love had thought,
When he to me a time-piece brought;
I took the watch, but false it prov'd;
For in the hour of bliss it mov'd
Too fast by half; and much too slow
In hours of torment and of woe.

C. W.

SELECTED POETRY.

[Pope's ode to solitude probably suggested the plan of the following. It was sent to the Editor by some literary friend, and we think the initial stanzas, in particular, are easy and fluent.]

A SAPPHIC ODE.

Happy the man who every day
Sees sirloin on his table smoke;
Who undisturb'd drives time away,
And cracks his joke.

Whose cellars always are well stor'd,
Whose doors are barr'd to none but Care;
Who sees Mirth hover round his board,
And revel there.

Blest who can unconcern'dly meet
His honest taylor, face to face,
Nor forc'd to sneak from street to street,
For hiding place.

But free from debt, from sorrow free,
Enjoys an ever tranquil mind;
And, if such happiness can be,
A mistress kind.

Thus favour'd let me pass my days;
And when Fate wills that I must die,
Let those condemn, who will not praise,
For what care I?

—

[Mr. G. Walker, the ingenious author of The Vagabond and The woman of Ten Thousand, has introduced in a small volume of poems, the following Anacreontic, founded on the festivity of the Persians.]

Press the grape, and press the vine,
Bid the glittering ruby flow;
Chrystal fountains sparkling shine,
Rays more bright than emeralds throw.
Bring, delicious Keura, bring
Soft perfumes to scent the air;
Mirza, take the lute and sing,
Mirza, fairest of the fair.
Wine, that fills the soul with bliss,
Yields alone to festive love;
Mecca's chief inform'd us this,
When he told of streams above.
Why then wait for future time?
Time that cheats us here below:
Instant let the goblet shine,
Instant let the purple glow.

EPIGRAM.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Phyllis, thy face, itself a host,
Needs not thy tongue's assistance;
I love thee, girl—'you love me'—most
When at the greatest distance.

BENEDICT.

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